HAUNTED GLENS AND HOUSES AN OLD WARWICK MURDER.

GANERSLIE HEATH AND BLACKLOW HILL-CLOPTON AND ITS TRADITIONS-BURIED ALIVE-THE MYSTERIOUS ORATORY.

FROM A STAFF CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE. Warwick, England, July 6 .- One night about fifty years ago a brutal murder was done, at a lonely place on the highroad between Warwick and Stratford-upon-Avon. The next morning the murdered man was found lying by the roadside, his head much mangled, resting in a small hole in the bank. The assassins, two in number, were shortly afterward discovered, and they were hanged at Warwick for their crime. From that day to this the hole wherein the dead man's head reposed remains unchanged. No matter how often it may be filled up, whether by the wash of heavy rains, or by stones and leaves that boys may happen to cast into it as they pass, it is soon found to be again empty. No one takes care of No one knows whether, or by whom, it is guarded. Fill it at nightfall, and you will find it empty in the morning. That is the local be lief and affirmation. The place is haunted. This spot is about two miles out of Stratford, and not distant from the gates of Charleote Park. I looked at this hole, one bright day in June, and saw that it was empty. Nature, it is thought by the poets, abhors complicity with the concealments of crime, and brands with her curse the places that are linked with the shedding of blood. You will recall that strong line in Tom Hood's poem of "Eugene Aram"-" For a mighty wind had swept the place, and still the corse was

There are many haunted spots in Warwickshire. The benighted peasant never lingers on Ganerslie Heath-for there, at midnight, dismal bells have been heard to toll from Blacklow Hill, the place where Sir Piers Gaveston, the corrupt, handsome, foreign favorite of King Edward the Second, was beheaded, by order of the grim barons whom he had insulted and opposed. The Earl of Warwick led them, whom Gaveston had been wont to call The Black Dog of Arden. This was long ago. Everybody knows the old historic incident, but no one can so completely realize it as when standing on the place. The scene of the execution is marked by a simple cross, bearing this inscription: In the hollow of this rock was beheaded, on the first day of July, 1312, by Barons lawless as himself, Piers Gaveston, Earl of Cornwall, In life and death a memorable instance of misrule." No doubt the birds were singing and the great green branches of the trees were waving in the summer wind on that fatal day, just as they are this moment. Gayeston was a man of great beauty and talent, and only twenty-nine years old. It was a melancholy sacrifice, and horrible in all the circumstances that attended it. No wonder that doleful thoughts and blood-curdling sounds should come to such as walk there in the lonely Yours of the night.

Another haunted place is Clopton-haunted certainly with memories, if not with ghosts. In the reign of Henry VII this was the manor of Sir Hugh Clopton, Lord Mayor of London, he who built the great bridge over the Avon,-across which, many a time, William Shakespeare must have ridden, on his way to Oxford and the capital. The dust of Sir Hugh Clopton rests now in Stratford Church, and his old mansion has passed through many hands. In our time it the residence of its present own-Sir Arthur Hodgson, Mayor Stratford, by whom it was purchased in 1871. Sir Arthur's term of office as Mayor will expire this fall, and Stratford will lose one of the best Mayors it has ever had, and temporarily will lose his presence also-for once he was a sheep-farmer in Australia, and very fond of the independent the mansion -one of the many victims, doubtless, of unhappy love. And they show you the portrait of still another Clopton girl, of ancient times, who is thought to have been accidentally buried alivebecause when it chanced that the family tomb was opened, a few days after after her interment, the corpse was found to be turned over in its coffin and to present indications that the wretched victim of premature burial had, in her agonfzed

frenzy, gnawed upon her own flesh. It was the blood-stained corridor of Clopton, however, that most impressed my imagination. This is at the top of the house, and access to it is gained by a winding-stair, of oak boards, uncarpeted, solid, simple, and consonant therefore with the old times and manners that it represents. Many years ago a man was murdered in a little bedroom near the top of this staircase, and his body was dragged along the corridor, to be secreted. A thin dark stain, seemingly a streak of blood, runs from the door of that bedroom, in the direction of the stairhead, and this is so deepimprinted in the wood that it cannot be removed. Opening from this corridor opposite to the murder-room, is an oddly shaped apartment which once, in the remote days of a Catholic occupant, must have been used as an oratory or private chapel. Three years ago (1885) the walls of this chamber were committed to the tender mercies of a paper-hanger, who presently discovered on them various inscriptions in black letter, and who fortunately mentioned his discoveries before they were obliterated. Mr. Richard Savage, the antiquary and librarian of the Shake speare Birthplace, was thereupon called in to exsmine them, and by him they were restored. The effect of these little patches of lettering-isles of significance in a barren sea of wall-paper enclosing them round about-is that of extreme singularity Most of them are sentences from the Bible. All of them are devout. One of them presents the solemn injunction: "Whether you be sleeping or whether you wake, Remember Christ Jesus who died for your sake." Clopton has a long and various history. One of the most significant facts in its record is the fact that for about ten months, in the year 1605, it was occupied by Ambrose Rokewood, of Coldham Hall, Suffolk, the breeder of race-horses, whom Robert Catesby brought into the great and ghastly Gunpowder Plot, in the reign of James the First. Hither came Sir Everard Digby and Tom and Robert Winter, and the specious Jesuit Father Garnet, chief hatcher of the conspiracy, with his whole train of sentimental fanatics, on that pilgrimage of sanctification with which he generally prepared for an act of such hideous treachery and wholesale murder as only a religious zealot could ever have conceived. That may have been the very time when the little oratory of Clopton was in Catholic use. Not many years since, it was a bedroom; but one of Sir Arthur Hodgson's guests who undertook to sleep in it, was afterward heard to declare he wished not ever again to trouble the hospitality of that chamber, because the sounds that he had heard all around the place, throughout that night, were of the most infernal description. A house containing many rooms and staircases, a house full of long corridors and winding ways, a house so large that you may readily get lost in it-such is Clopton; and it stands in its own large park, removed from other buildings and bowered in trees. To sit in the great hall of that mansion, on a winter midnight, when the snow-laden wind is howling around it, and then to think of the bleak, sinister oratory and the stealthy, gliding shapes, up stoirs, invisible to mortal eye, but felt, with a shuddering sense of some unseen presence watching in the dark-this would be to have quite a suffi-

cient experience of a haunted house. Sir Arthur Hodgson, I am bound to add, talked of the legends

of his house with that merry twinkle of the ave

which suits so well with kindly incredulity,

thought of John Milton's lines-" Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth

Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep. Warwickshire swarmed with conspirators, while that Gunpowder Plot was in progress. The Lion Inn, at Dunchurch, was the chief tryst of the captains who were to lead on their forces and capture the Princess Elizabeth and seize the threne and the country, after the expected explosion-which never came. And when the game was up and Fawkes in captivity, it was through Warwickshire that the "racing and chasing" was fleetest and wildest, till the desperate scramble for life and safety went down in blood at Hewel Grange. Various houses associated with that plot are still extant in this neighborhood, and when the scene shifts to London and Garnet's gallows it is easily possible for the patient antiquarian to tread in almost every footprint of that great conspiracy. Since the Irish ruffians began to toss dynamite about in public buildings, it has been deemed es-

sential to take especial precautions against the danger of explosions, in all such places as the Houses of Parliament, Westminster Abbey and the Tower of London. Much more damage than the newspapers ever recorded was done by those explosions that occurred some time ago, in the Tower and the Palace. At present you cannot enter even into Palace Yard, unless connected with the public business or authorized by an order; and if you visit the Tower without a special permit, you will be restricted to a very few sights and places. Your wanderer was fortunately the bearer of the card of Sir Ponsonby Fane, secretary to the Lord Chamberlain, on a recent prowl through the old Tower, and, therefore, was unusually favored by the beefeaters who pervade that structure. These damp and gloomy dungeons were displayed, wherein so many Jews perished miserably, in the reign of Edward the First; and "Little Ease" was shown—the cell in which for several months Guy Fawkes was incarcerated, during Cecil's wily investigation of the Gunpowder Plot. A part of the rear wall has been knocked out, affording access to the adjacent dungeon; but as it originally stood, the cell did not give room for a man to lie down in it, and scarce gave room for him to stand upright. The massive door, of ribbed and iron-bound oak, still solid, though worn, would make a capital picture. A poor, stealthy cat was crawling about Chamberlain, on a recent prowl through the old picture. A poor, stealthy cat was crawling about in these subterranean dens of darkness and horror, and was left locked in there when we emerged. In St. Peter's, on the green-that little cemetery so eloquently described by Macaulay-they came some time ago upon the coffins of Lovat, Kilmar-

and happy life of one, and now he intends to cross the world again and visit his large possessions at the antipodes. It lately was my privilege to see Clepton, under the guidance of its lord, and a most charming and impressive old house it is; full of quaint objects and fraught with singular associations. They show you there, among many fine paintings, the portrait of a wild-eyed lady with thin figure, delicate features, long light hair, and sensitive generators, who, in the far-off Tudor time, drowned herself in a dismal black well, back of itants maturely for himself, put prematurely for his friends, in his 70th year, on the 28th of busin April, A. D. 1639." Another, placed for himself by one Thomas Hewett during his own lifetime, modestly describes him as "a most miserable sin-Sin is always miserable when it knows itself. Still another, and this in good verse, by Gervas Clifton, gives a tender tribute to Lactitia (" the excellent and pious Lady Lettice"), Countess of Leicester, who died on Christmas morning,

"She that in her younger years
Matched with two great English peers;
She that did supply the wars
With thunder, and the Court with stars;
She that in her youth had been
Darling to the maiden Queene,
Till she was content to quit
Her tavor for her favorice.
While she lived she lived thus,
Till that God, displeased with us,
Suifered her at last to fail.
Not from Him, but from us all."

A noble bust of that great thinker and exquisite poet, Walter Savage Landor, has lately been placed on the west wall of St. Mary's Church. He was a native of Warwick, and is fitly commemorated in this place. The bust is of alabaster, and is set in an alabaster arch, with carved environment, and with the family arms displayed above The head of Landor shows great intellectual power, rugged and yet gentle. Coming suddenly upon the bust, in this church, one is forcibly and pleasantly reminded of that fine attribute of sweet and gentle reverence in the English character which so invariably expresses itself, all over this land, in onorable memorials to the honorable dead. No rambler in Warwick omits to explore Leicester's Hospital or to see as much as he can of the Castle. This glorious old place has long been kept closed. for fear of the dynamite fiend; but now it is once more accessible. I walked again beneath the stately cedars and along the bloom-bordered avenues where once Joseph Addison used to wander and meditate, and traversed again those onulent state apartments wherein so many royal and noble and beautiful faces look forth from the radiant canvas of Holbein and Vandyke. There is a wonderful picture, in one of those rooms, of Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, when a young man-a face prophetic of stormy life and baleful struggles and a hard and miserable fate. You may see the helmet that was actually worn by Oliver Cromwell and that most striking death-mask of his rugged face; and the finest portraits of King Charles the First that exist in this Kingdom are shown at Warwick Castle.

COUNTING MONEY BY WEIGHT.

From The Louisville Courier-Journal. From The Louisville Courier-Journal.

An officer of a street railroad company said, in substance, that the time consumed, if the nickels collected in a day were counted one by one, would be too great and therefore that they were not counted. Instead they were weighed. Fifty dollars in nickels will weigh 10.3-4 pounds. This system of weighing has been brought to such perfection that it is rarely a mistake is made, and is never more than five cents in \$100. The nickels are counted, of course, ordinarily, when taken out of the car boxes, in order to see if the amount corresponds with conductors and officers reports, but a count of a big day is never attempted save by weight.

Of the profession puglifistic, the kidneys are small but active in a state of health. Their secretion contains to purities productive of rheumatism, gout and dropsy, if allowed to remain. When they are inactive, the blood becomes choked with animal debris capable of destroying life. To promote their activity when sluggish with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is not only to guard against the diseases mentioned, but to prevent the fatty degeneration and ultimate designation of the organs by those exceedingly dangerous mainlies. Bright's disease and dishetes. Activity of the bladder also insures it against the formation of gravel, which it sometimes requires one of the most dangerous and painful operations in surgery to remove. Gravel, moreover, is a most agentring complaint. The Bitters further commend themselves by remedying constipation, dyspepsia, debility. Hyer complaint and naryousness and nullify influences productive of malarial disease.

THE TIDE-LANDS.

DESCRIBING HOW MISS VANDERPOOL CAME TO HER OWN.

Miss Vanderpool came down the steps of her lodging-house and stood looking about her with an expression of discontent on her high-bred face. It was not a very genteel lodging-house, and it was not in a very genteel lodging-house, and it was not in a very genteel quarter. The paint was off in patches, and one of the faded green blinds hung on a single hinge. The steps were worn and the little front area was used as a depository for wood and coal. There were a pair of dirty faces at the basement windows, and outside of the door Sairy Ann, the Gorgon's eldest, watched her depart with undisguised curiosity. Possibly she knew that Miss Vanderpool's rent for her single room, third story in the rear, was a week overdue. She might have been stationed there as a spy by the Gorgon, her mother, to see that no recreant lodger contrived to slip off, bag and baggage, without a formal parting. She need not give herself any concern on Miss Vanderpool's account, that lady reflected. Her piano, the one article of value among her possessions, was much too cumbrous to carry, and it was mortgaged up to its full value. Why was it that people never exhibited any conscience or honor about their music-teacher's bills, as they did about their butcher's and washerwomen's? Why was it that she, respected and admired as the rich Miss Vanderpool, could find no market for her accomplishments now that she must earn her dai y bread? Why did every one take advantage of her and cheat her, down to the pawnbroker who had lately taken the last piece of jewelry saved from her financial wreek? She was faint and hungry, and a gnawing pain that was new to her reminded her that she had lived on bread and water for six weeks, and that she had been on short rations for the last few days. If she had been a soldier, now, she could nave withstood it right valorously, for there was martial blood in her veins. But to suffer it for no heroic reason, in nothing but the common way! The thought humiliated her, and she put it it aside.

She was walking down the stre

e free admission to visitors at s little white coffin lay the youn time. In a little white coffin lay the younger of the two children. Beside it sat the father and mother, the woman sobbing quietly, the father with his arm about her, and in his lap the remain-ing child, who had cried herself to sleep in his 'I am so sorry," said Miss Vanderpool, gently;

so eloquently described by Maeaulay—they came as some time ago upon the coffins of Lovat, Kilmannock and Balmerino, the three Scotch Lovats who perished upon the block, for their complicity with the rising for Charles Edward Stuart, the Prenther, in 1745-7. The coffins were much decayed. The plates were removed and may now be viewed, in a glass case, on the church wall, just of the complete of the special content of the special cont

had gathered early spring violets since childhood. If she walked quickly she could easily get there and back again before the night had closed down. To reach the place she had to pass through the business portion of the town. Walking swiftly along, looking to neither right nor left, she was surprised to have some one accost her.

"Miss Vanderpool!"

"Miss Vanderpool!"

It was John Ashton, whom she had not seen since the day that she found her father's name dishonored and herself begard and homeless. He had asked her to be his wife and she had refused. Was it because she had known him as a poor boy, born in the lowest walks of society, while the Vanderpo is had inherited the wealth and high standing of many generations? Or was it because she elected to bear her peverty and distrace alone? She flushed now as she recognized grace alone? She flushed now as she recognized

"One minute," he said.
"Not now. I cannot wait," she insisted, and he stepped back without a word.

stepped back without a word.

What could be wish to see her for? She remembered what he had said that time. "If you were frich and honored I should have been too proud to address you." She had resented the speech then. Recalling it now she could not help admitting that it did honor to John Ashton. She was thinking of John Ashton the boy, the little ragged fellow who used to do chores about her father's house, picking up an education at the public schools, devoting himself to her service on holidays. John Ashton the man was a separate entity, and she had never trusted herself to analyze her impressions of him. He has liked and trusted by all men, and very probably admired by women. She knew his errand to this place. He was a celebrated engineer now, and had come down to take charge of a great project for reclaiming the tide-lands. People called the enterprise "the march of improvement," but Miss Vanderpool hated the march of improvement and did not care for benefits. improvement," but Miss Vanderpool nated the march of improvement and did not care for bene-fits to commerce, but liked best the wide stretch of sait marshes with their rusty vegetation, their black pools and flitting fogs. Sie was com-ing to them now, for her path lay along their bor-der, and soon she was beside them, and drew a long breath, inhaling the fresh ocean air with its being read! She beshed out to say where a him bring smell. She looked out to sea, where a lu minous glow along the horizon commemorated the going down of the sun, and sullen clouds above presaged the gathering of the storm. She hoped with a feeling of pity new to her, that it might be clear for an hour or two on the morrow, that the burial of the little child might not be made drearier by clouded skies and a driving rain. Not far away, on the marsh, surrounded by broad pools which reflected the distant glow in the sky. far away, on the marsh, surrounded by broad pools which reflected the distant glow in the sky, she saw the tail chimney of a steam derrick and a low, barge-like shape that seemed to be anchored in the mud. She ded not give herself much time to speculate now. Night was fast falling, and a little ahead she saw the tidy brook she sought. But think a moment! Was it the right place? She hesitated for an instant in doubt and perplexity, then looked quickly about to determine her bearings by some familiar landmarks. There on the bluff were the square outlines of her old home, just visible against the sky, and there, off to the right, far beyond, were the harbor lights. Just a little further on, then a sharp turn to the left, a climb up the rocks to the little bench that lay between the bluffs and shore, and she should find the flowers. She pressed hurriedly on to gain the place before it should be wholly dark. She knew a way up the bluffs, a steep and winding path, by which she could gain the lighted upper street when she was done. If only she could once find the flowers, the dewy, spring flowers, with their faint, sweet odor and their fresh sheltering leaves! All worldly thoughts seemed to fall away from her, the weight of disappointment and care was lifted from her heart, and she felt like an eager child, bent on her innocent quest.

But what was this—the solld ground giving way But what was this-the solid ground giving wa

But what was this—the solid ground giving why beneath her feet, every step taking her deeper and deeper into a bottomless ooze, her feet drawn down and heid as if by leaden weights! This was not the way it used to be along the banks of the little brook. In a moment the full horrer of the situation flashed upon her. Deceived by the dim light or rendered carcless by her wandering thoughts, she had strayed further from the town than she had supposed, and what she had mistaken for the little brook was really an estuary of the sea, bordered by treacherous bogs, a portion of the great dered by treacherous bogs, a portion of the sea, bor-dered by treacherous bogs, a portion of the great waste of tide-land which the company were seek-ing to reclaim. Quick and sharp came other rec-olicetions. She remembered that children had be a lost there when at play. She remembered that every now and then some man or woman had mys-teriously disappeared from sight and knowleage, and it had been whispered about that the

that portion of the young engineer's argument before the harbor commissioners, when he was that portion of the young engineer's argument before the harbor commissioners, when he was plending for permission to go on with his work, wherein he had advanced, as one of his strongest pleas, that many lives would be saved by the completion of the enterprise. And now she, Judith Vanderpool, the last of her came, was about to succumb to this unheroic destiny. It was better so. She would have chosen this very way of death, if she might. She had been tortured by one dread, over and over again, during these years of poverty and privation, and she gave a little hysterical laugh as she remembered it now. If she had breken down and died in the midst of her unsuccessful struggle she had not the wherewithal to buy her funeral shroud. Now no one would know, no one would know, no one would know, no one would know her and greet her gladly; father, mother, brother, friends of her childhood—the only friends she had kept. But that last thought! To drop out and never be missed; to leave behind her not a human being who would care. Why should she grieve over it now? She had, of her own will, separated herself from all human interests; she had never cared for human companionship or love.

But to God? she did care, she knew it now.

human interests; she had never cared for human companionship or love.

But, oh God? she did care, "She knew it now. Face to face with this terrible and lonely death she had come to a knowledge of herself. Nursing her foolish pride and Ismily traditions, measuring all the world by false standards, she had wronged herself most of all. What was it that had so touched her in the humble home she had just left, beneling down the harriers of her own reserve. breaking down the barriers of her own reserve, drawing her on and out of herself, until she longed to claim some little part in it? What was it but

drawing her on and out of herself, until she longed to claim some little part in it? What was it but the glad and sacred atmosphere of pure family affection? Oh, her life had been empty; empty. And the one human love that she might have hadshe knew it now—would linve made her a happy woman, she had scornfully rejected. Oh, if she could only live her life over, if she could but take up its tangled threads again with cleared vision and humbled heart.

It was then that she sent up her first and only cry for help. Hitherto she had been silently resigning herself to death with a calmness and dignity befitting a Vanderpool. Now a prolonged and mearnful cry went out over the marshes, which startled the seagulfs, which rose and wheeled aim-lessly about against the darkening sky. The cry was taken up and answered far out on the marshes. There was a sudden commotion about the barge, lanterns flashed outside, and by their light she could see dark forms moving about. But she could see dark forms moving about. But she-she was sinking, sinking—

When she came to herself she was in her own When some the control of the control

honest concern on her careworn face. So the world was not so hard, after all. She—the Gorgon—seemed gind that her delinquent lodger was alive, and said no word about the rent overdue. Somebody had pulled the lounge on which she lay up to the stove, and there was a fire there, the first for many weeks, for her own fuel had given out in February, and she had been freezing ever since—freezing heart and body. And what was that brewing on the stove, that sent such a delicious fragrance through the room?

"Now, my dear," said the Gorgon, pouring something into a clumsy carthen cup, and handing it to her, "just you take this cup of coffee and bit of hot roll, and it'll set you up in no time. You've been looking peaked and mis able this long time. Folks that feeds theirselves don't take no proper care. I've been thinking, this long while, that if you'd just take your living along of me and give pianny lessons to my Sairy Ann—but I hardly dared ask it, you being sich a fine player and she having no instrument unless you'd maybe let her come up and practise times when you was in and could watch and see she didn't dirty the pearl keys or spile it—" Homely and rough as she was, there was a delicate flush on her thin cheek as she checked herself in her bold presumption.

"Didn't dare ask it!" Miss Vanderpool would

on her thin cheek as she checked herself in her bold presumption.

"Didn't dure ask it!" Miss Vanderpool would have acted as the child's nurse, scrubbed floors, washed dishes, if she had asked it. The backbone of her pride was broken. But what was the woman saying now?

"And now, if you'll let me tidy up a bit and make things half way decent, for the gentleman's been waiting to see you this long time."

"The gentleman! What gentleman?" Miss Vanderpool was not used to callers. The landlady answered her inquiry:

"Why, who but him that saved you! Him that brought you here in his arms, looking like dead and all covered with mud-and a pretty sight you were, Miss Vanderpool. And awful work it was a cleaning you up, if you be a lady!"

What made Miss Vanderpool's face affame and her heart beat so? It might be any one of a thousand men. There was no reason, no reason in the world, she told herself, why it should be any particular one.

Yet as luck would have it, it was John Ashton! No, not luck. Chance rarely favors such men as he. All that they have is won by hard endeavor, and persistent faith, and dogged watchfulness. Luck is more apt to buffet them, to call out all

woman's going about at hight, improceeds, along the streets. When he saw the lonely direction in which she was tending, he had followed still more resolutely, for he knew the character of the men along the water front better than she. And who could tell whom she might meet in that wretched place at such an hour? When she stopped to look seaward he had gone down over the marsh, both because he had some instruction to give to his foreman and because he feared she would discover him in turning back. He had been first to hear the wild, beseeching cry, and to realize its purport; to start out with a party of men provided with lanterns, planks, ropes, everything needful; to man a boat and row hiercely up the slough, flooded at high tide, directly to the spot where a human life—so precious to him—was going out; to throw himself out upon the morass, bracing himself on the planks that they had brought and finally, like the true length that he was, to gather the unconscious girl in his arms, covered with mud as she was, and wrapping his coat about her, bear her to the place she called her home.

But John Ashton was not the man to claim any recompense for the service he had rendered. The more serious her peril, the greater the risk he had run on her behalf, the more need that he should be delicate and distant in all his bearing toward her; that he should try to make her forget he had ever press d any claims upon her. He would not have come now had 3c been his own fees agart. She say that the moment he overned.

toward her; that he should try to make her forget he had ever press d any claims upon her. He would not have come now had 3c been his own free agent. She saw that the moment he opened the door, and shrank from her own thoughts. He surmised the look upon her face, and interpreted it in his own way. So she disliked him so much that it galled her to think that he had put her under such obligations. Well, well! If he had had the time to consider, it might have been better to have left it to ne of the men, er, at least to have concepted his own connection with its

ter to have left it to one of the men, it, it least to have concented his own connection with it. "You are feeling better. Miss Vanderpool?" There was not a note in his voice beyond the ordinary requirements of courtesy. She answered him in kind.

him in kind.

" Quite well now, I thank you. Won't you be sented," notioning him to a chair.

" I thank you." But he still remained standing, his hat in his right hand, his left hand—was it her fancy, or were the fingers elenched?—hanging eas-

fancy, or were the hold ily beside him.

"I came," he said, in a matter-of-fact way,
"I came," he said, in a matter-of-fact way, "about a matter of business. I tried to speak to you on the street to-day. You were not willing to listen. You were right. It was not the proper

"You mistook. It wasn't that. I was prece-cupied: I couldn't have talked then—with any one," she explained, hurriedly, and in a low voice. He searcely noticed her words and did not at all comprehend them, but went on, in a formal, busi-

"A matter of business. I was authorized to

"A matter of business. I was authorized to conduct some negotiations with you. They concern the Vanderpool estate."

Weak as she was and broken as she was, she could not suppress a little laugh, only half mirthful, but wholly sareastic. The Vanderpool estate! What had there been of it, since she came into pessession of it, but an inextricable tangle of debt and littlation, lapsed contracts and forfeited rights!

"Now that we have got ready for work we are in a position to negotiate for the tide-lands. There are seventy acres belonging to the Vanderpool estate. I am empowered to make you the following offer."

He drew a paper from his pocket and named a sum which took Miss Vanderpool's breath away. Enough to restore the lost glory of the Vanderpools. Enough—more than enough—to buy back the oid heme where her mother had died and she was born; enough to restore her to the life of affluence to which she had been bred; enough to place her forever above the reach of the petty privations and racking cares that had sat so heavily upon her but yesterday. She raised herself up on one elbow and looked at him. Her eyes, always large, shone with an unnatural brilliance. He thought her exulting over her restoration to wealth and power.

and power.

"I wen't ask you for an answer now," he said;
"perhaps you would better consult a lawyer. May
I say to the commany that you will give your an-

I say to the company that you will give your answer in writing?"

He was doving toward the door, not even waiting for her answer, for he had determined to give her no opportunity to refer to the events of the day. He was arrested by a single word:

"John!"

No woman ever speaks in such a way to a man she does not love, but the men do not always understand. John Ashton did not understand. He came back and stood by her side, looking down doubtfully into the shining eyes raised to his own, then quickly turned away. He was only a man, an had mysknowledge,
then quickly turned away. He was only a man,
ter had been after all, and he had some bitter recollections to last seen walking along the border of the tide-iands. But these were people of the lower classes, sides, she was a rich woman now, richer than she about whom the Vanderpook had given themselves had been in the days when he had assured her he little concern. She remembered now—ah, how would have been too proud to ask her to share his sharply!—that she had read with a curling Lip life.

was then; slowly at first, with a dawning comprehension of all the words meant to him and to her. Then heaven itself seemed to open to him, as he gathered

her into his arms.

Had any other Vanderpool ever made overtures to the man she loved? Would the cheeks of dead and gone Vanderpools have reddened with mortification could they have witnessed this shameless betrayal of her heart? Somehow Miss Vanderpool was so happy that she did not care. And as for the money—

was so happy the the money—

"It would have seemed like a curse if it had parted us, dear," she said.—(Flora Haines Loughead, in The Argonaut.

SONGS OF THE CAMPAIGN.

REPUBLICANS TO DEMOCRATS, GREETING.

About those red bandannas
You make an awful fuss.
Unfurl your wipes—
The Stars and Stripes
Are good enough for us,
They're good enough for us,
Unfurl your wipes—
The Stars and Stripes
Are good enough for us,

Are good enough for us.

The flag you choose to float
Is blood-red through and through.
Rave o'er it, rave!
But we shall wave
The red, the white, the blue
They're good enough for us.
They're good enough for us.
Unfurl your wipes—
The Stars and Stripes
Are good enough for us.

Your clubs will raily round The Thurman snuf-decked wipes; We'll march in might And win the fight And win the light

Beneath the Stars and Stripes,
They're good enough for us,
They're good enough for us,
Urfurl your witers—
The Stars and Stripes
Are good enough for us,

DE YEAR O' JUBILO.

E. P. D. in The Springfield Union.

(Air: "Kingdom Comin".") (Air: "Kingdom Comin".")

Say, darkles, hab you seen ole mass.

Wid he hankchief round he t'roat,
Gwine long dis road some time dis mornin'
Like he gavine in town to vote?

He shibber jes' same like he used to shibber
When de Yankes army came.

An' I'll hes ten dollars de Democratic varty
Ben a-playin' a losin' game.

CHORUS De Republicans laugh, ha! ha! De Democrats run, ho! ho! It must be now Ben Harrison's comin' An' de year o' jubilo.

An' de year o' piono.

Like he gwine out for to shoot,

An' car'd he shotgun ober he shoulder

An' he bowie knife in he boot;

He say we nigger better stay close home

An' nebber go near de polls;

But I'll bet ten dollars de Democratic party.

Am a-driftin' on de shoals. I heered ole massa talk dis mornin' .-

He was clear troo bilin' mad:
I spees he 'fraid dat de solid South
Gwine to get beat mighty bad.
He talk free trade, but as shoo's you born
Dere was sumpln on his mind.
An' I'll bet ten dollar de Democratic party
Am a-gwine to get left behind.

don't like this yere red bandanna. It 'minds me o' 'fore de war;
Gib me de flag dat freed de nigger,
Dat's de flag I'se pravin' for;
For the Stars an' Stripes an' Harrison,
Dis nigger'll pray and shout;
An' I'll bet ten dollar de Democratic party
Am a-gwine to step down an' out.

GOOD-BY, OLD GROVER, GOOD-BY! (Air: "Good-by, My Lover, Goodby.") The train is coming
Around the bend.
Good-by, eld Grever, good-by:
It's leaded down
With Hairlson men,
Good-by, eld Grever, good-by:

CHORUS. Bye, Free-Trade baby! Rock it, Grover, tenderly! Bye, Free-Trade baby! We'll smash the cradle! Good-by!

Free trade is busted. Protection, we say! Good-by, old Grover, good-by & Roast beef to eat, Two dollars a day! Good-by, old Grover, good-by? The time has come

The fime has come
Fo' loval men—
Good-by, old Grover, good-by?
To shoot the bandanna
And vote for Ben!
Good-by, old Grover, good-by? The duty on wool

We'll keep the same! Good-by, old Grover, good-by! If you don't believe it Just ask Jim Blaine: Good-by, old Grover, good-by!

The same on salt,
Both fine and rock!
Good-by, old Grover, good-by t
We'll have remain
Says Frank Hiscock!
Good-by, old Grover, good-by t

No rebel flags
Will be returned!
Good-by, old Grover, good-by!
Those veto cranks
True soldiers spurn!
Good-by, old Grover, good-by!

Your colors are out. The English rag! Good-by, old Grover, good-by! We still unfurl The American flag! Good-by, old Grover, good-by \$

Tippecanoe
And Morton, too!
Good-by, old Grover, good-by!
If you can't remember
You will in November!
Good-by, old Grover, good-by!

THE FREE-TRADE BANDANNA.

(Air-" The Old Oaken Bucket.") How dear to my heart is the Democrat party,
When fond recollection presents it to view;
The Free Trade, the State's Rights, the Copperheads
hearty.
And all the Reform tricks the demagogues knew!
The wide-spreading Grover, the Mills that stood by
him.

The mock "Civil Service," the broad-axe that fell;
The crack of the slave-whip when "war was a failure,"
And e'en the bandanna we all loved so well.
The snuff-stained bandanna,
The barred and starred banner,

Palmetto bandanna, We all loved so well. That snuff-covered noseres I halled as a treasure. That snuff-covered noserag I halled as a treasure,
As soldier and pension we drove from the field;
To sacrifice fishermen's rights was a pleasure,
To Free Trade and England our Industries yield!
How ardent I selzed it with hands that were glowing
As quick on my big red probosels it fell;
And soon with the emblem of snuff overflowing
And dripping with vetoes, I wielded it well!
The Free Trade bandanna,
Confederate banner,
The tobden Club banner
We all loved so well.

How sweet from the brigadier clan to receive it.

As freemen disfranchised they sent to the grave!

Not the Star Spangled banner could tempt me to leave ough bright with the glory that Washington gave.

Though bright with the glory that washington And now, far removed from my high situation, The tear of regret will intrusively swell.

As far up Salt River I take my sad station.

And ply the bandanna I once loved so well.

I hear the hosanna

From lost Indiana.

Oh! tear-stained bandanna
I once loved so well.

RAIL TO THE CHIEF!

(After Scott-" Bill" Scott, of Pennsylvania.) (After Scott.— Bill" Scott, of Pennsylvania.)
Hall to the Chief who has stumbled above us!
In freshest pasture his luck ever feeds;
Little we reck if he stomach or love us,
Tough is the tie that to victory leads!
Welcome the Muzwump vote
Into our roomy hoat;
They can all sing while the rest of us row!
Bravely the South shall then
Send the yell back again,
"Grover Vich Eourbon Dhu, ho! lero!"

What though the Goddess with Starry Eye glist'ning,
Grièves for the error she wouldn't elude;
When to his warm, gallant promises list'ning,
soon she was banished to cold desuctude!
Think he would be so flat! Risk his inheritance, too? Bless you, not Our Chief's a man, my men!
Let her go! strong again!
"Grover Vich Bourbon Dhu, ho! iero!"

Now with an English lass he is enraptured,
Not quite so simple and fresh with the boys;
Still, quite elated to think she has captured.
The greatest of Presidents (avoirdupois):
Oh, that you dashing Jade,
Cash-in-advance Free Trade,
On him again might the grand prize bestow!
Loud should our slogan then
Elp up the sky again,
"Grover Vich Eourbon Ehu, he! lere!"

NOT FRESH ENOUGH FOR OMELETTES. From The Pittsburg Chronicle.

Fifty years ago, while Mrs. Talbert was building a house at Ray's Crossing, Ind., a hen was inadvertently nailed in a wardrobe, where she remained several days before discovered. Last week, while the house was being repaired, five eggs, supposed to have been laid fifty years ago, were found where the hen had beep imprisoned. Unpopular lecturers will leave Ray's Crossing off their programme when they hear of this.

An Important Announcement.

About six weeks ago, while at business, I was suddenly attacked with excruciating pains in my eet, knoes and hands. So severe the attack that I feet, knees and hands. So severe the accept that I took my bed immediately, and in two or three days my joints were swollen to almost double their natural size, and sleep was driven from me. After suffering the most excruciating pain for a week, using liminents and various other remedies, a friend, who sympathized with my helpless condition, said to me:

suincring the most extractating parameters, a friend, who sympathized with my helpless condition, said to me:

"Why don't you get Swift's Specific and use it I will guarantee a cure, and if it does not, the medicine shall cost you nothing."

I at once secured the S. S. S., and after using it the first day, had a quiet night and refreshing sieep. In a week I feit greatly benefited. In three week I could sit up and walk about the room, and after using six bottles I was out and able to go to bust ness. Since then I have been regularly at my pose of duty, and stand on my feet from nine to the hours a day, and am entirely free from pain. These are the plain and simple facts in my case, and I will cheerfully answer all inquiries relative thereto, either in person or by mail.

THOMAS MARKILLIE,

Nashville, Tenn.—I have warded off a severe attack of rheumatism by a timely resort to Swift's Specific. In all cases where a permanent relief sought, this medicine commends itself for a constitutional treatment that thoroughly eradicates the seeds of disease from the system.

Rev. W. P. HARRISON, D. D.

New-York, 51 7th-ave.—After spending \$200 to relieved of Blood Poison without any benefits a few bottles of Swift's Specific worked a perfect cure.

Vienns, Ga.—My little girl, aged six, and boy, aged four years, had scrofula in the worst aggravated shape. They were puny and sickly. Today they are healthy and robust, all the result of taking S. S.

Lady Lake, Sumter Co., Fla.—Your S. S. S. has proved a wonderful success in my case. The cancer on my face, no doubt, would have soon hurried me to my grave. I do think it is wonderful, and has no equal.

B. H. BYRD, Postmaster.

Waco, Texas, May 9, 1888.

has no equal.

B. H. BYRD, Postmaster.

Waco, Texas, May 9, 1888.

S. S. Co., Atlanta, Ga:

Gentlemen—Knowing that you appreciate voluntary testimonials, we take pleasure in stating that one of our lady customers has regained her health by the use of four large bottles of your great remedy, after having heen an invalid for several years. Her trouble was extreme debility, caused by a discrete resulting the several series.

Her trouble was extreme deblity, cause peculiar to her next.

WILLIS & CO., Druggista.

Three books mailed free on application. All druggists sell S. S. S.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO.,

Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.,

New York, 756 Broadway.

IN THE CHURCH PORCH.

RELIGIOUS SUMMER RESORTS. Asbury Park and Ocean Grove, which are separated from each other by the little body of water a hundred feet wide, called Wesley Lake, are both distinctly religious resorts; but they are not religious in exactly the same way. Ocean Grove is not a borough town at all in the ordinary sense of the word, but a religious association, governed by clergymen, who enforce a very strict religious discipline at all times. To the outsider this discipline may seen unnecessarily severe and puritanical; but it must be remembered that the resort was established for a religious object, and no one who does not like its government is obliged to patronize it. It is for people who like that sort of thing, and as the large numbers of good people who go there every year are entirely satisfied with things as they are, no one else has any right to complain. I have recently visited Ocean Grove, and was much impressed with its cleanliness, good order and entire freedom from vice of any The hotels and cottages, in beauty and comfort, will compare favorably with those of any seaside resort, and the prices for rooms and board are so moderate that even a poor man can go there. There is, to be sure, an air of aggressive religiosity about the place, and some religious function is nearly all the time tak-ing place in the great auditorium. But all this need not interfere with the rational enjoyment of visitors, unless they pine for the "roses and rapture of vice, in which case they would better move to some other resort, as Ocean Grove does not deal in that com-

In Asbury Park you do not find that highly-charged religious atmosphere which pervades Ocean Grove. Nevertheless the moral law hedges you in at every step. This prosperous and growing town is the crea-tion of Mr. James A. Bradley, whose idea was to found resort in which there should be no objectionable feature. He is a sort of a moral censor against whose decisions there is no appeal. On the whole, he has exercised his power wisely and well, even from a business point of view. The town has grown with wonderful rapidity. In addition to its summer visitors, it has a large permanent population who rejoice because they have found a place so richly endowed by nature, where vice cannot flaunt its presence. Mr. Bradley's rules have been criticised as oppressive; but something must be yielded by the individual in every ommunity for the general good. Park you need yield nothing that is worth having. I doubt if Mr. Bradley's ideas will always have the ascendancy in Asbury Park. The wicked outside world will probably sweep most of them away some day. But in the meanwhile for a long time to come Asbury Park is an ideal home for a Christian family.

semi-religious towns as Asbury Park. The principle on which they are founded, if carried to its extreme limit, would result in the absolute separation of the good and the bad, and such a separation would be a deplorable thing for the community at large. It would, doubtless, be very pleasant for all the upright and religious people of, say the State of New-Jersey, to live together in well-ordered towns governed on re ligious principles. But how would it be for the rest of the population, consisting as it would, of all grades and kinds of law-breakers? Would not their enforced association together be a public calamity resulting in the final overthrow of social order? Certainly if would seem so. The fact is, the religious and moral element owes certain duties to the whole community. It is the duty of a good citizen not only to consider his own personal advantage, but to do what he can for his fellow men; and the greatest service religious men can render any city or town in which there is a large vicious element, is to live in that city or town, and do what they can to make it a religious town. great need of modern civilization is not the establishment of little moral communities here and there, but the leavening of the whole mass of modern life with the fundamental principles of religion and morality.

One plausible objection may be urged against such

earnest zeal and enthusiasm that is shown in the great summer religious gatherings. Such places as Ocean Grove and Chautauqua—and there are many of them throughout the country—have become vast store-houses of religious activity. Immense sums of money have been expended on them, and some of the ablest men in the various churches have been enlisted in their service. Hundreds of thousands of people from every part of the country attend the religious gatherings held under their auspices, and the literature which they publish goes into thousands of Christian homes. And yet I am heretical enough to ask if there is not a great deal of moral waste in these well-meant efforts to do good. For instance, when a great evan gelist in Ocean Grove makes a fervid appeal to the vicious and depraved to turn from the error of their ways, he is addressing men and women who are not only not vicious and depraved, but who are already presumably converted Christians. The people who really ought to hear these speakers never go Lake, or Chautauqua, or Ocean Grove. They wouldn't be welcome if they did. And yet a great deal of the sermorizing at these places has no point except on the theory that the hearers are abandoned sinners must be plucked as brands from the burning. I have no intention of criticising these great gatherings Doubtless they stimulate and strengthen the religious life of many good Christians. But I respectfully sub mit that instead of holding the fort all the time, the leaders of the churches make a sally once in a while and capture a fort or two from the enemy.

A great many Western Episcopalians are beginning to think it unwise to go to Eastern cities for their bishops. "This feeling," says "The Michigan Churchman," " is quite prevalent among many of our laymen. and was well illustrated by an incident at an Episcopal election about ten years ago, when an Eastern rector of character and reputation failed of confirms tion by the laity, through a rumor about a waxed moustache and a dog-headed cane. There has been an idea among our church leaders that our church's sphere is city work. It has begun to be demonstrated that we could do equally as well in the country if we would only try. The prayer-book is adaptable enough, if used as a primer first, if our men were only mere zealous. It is a poor religionism which claims to be the rightful one, and will not do everything that can be done. For a long time the universal layman's can-didate was Bishop Tuttle. The countryman believed that Bishop Tuttle understood him and his life, and could 'hitch up' and 'unhitch,' and was as familiar with a 'shake-down' as a four-poster, and knew all the ins and outs of 'pot luck.' It is a far easier thing for such a man to adapt himself to New-York, than for New-York to adapt itself to other things, because New-York is accustomed to be defored to.